

THE
GRAVE.
A
POEM.

By ROBERT BLAIR.

The House appointed for all Living. JOB.

THE FOURTH EDITION.



L O N D O N :

Printed and Sold by J. WAUGH, at the *Turk's Head* in
Lombard-Street, near the *Post-Office*. MDCCLIII.

[Price Six-pence.]

CRAVE

M E O P

B. L. A. R.



10. The first of these is the fact that the

The Fourth Edition



LOW DOW:

Printed and Sold by J. WATSON, at the Theatre Royal, in Pall Mall, near the Pop-Office. MDCCLXXII.



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GRAVE.
A
POEM.

 Hilt some affect the Sun, and some the Shade,
Some flee the City, some the Hermitage;
Their Aims as various, as the Roads they take
In Journeying thro' Life; the Task be mine
To paint the gloomy Horrors of the Tomb;
Th' appointed Place of Rendezvous, where all
These Travellers meet. Thy Succours I implore,
Eternal King! whose potent Arm sustains
The Keys of Hell and Death. THE GRAVE, dread
Thing!
Men

Men shiver, when thou'rt named : Nature appall'd
Shakes off her wonted Firmness. Ah ! how dark
Thy long-extended Realms, and rueful Wastes !

Where nought but Silence reigns, and Night, dark
Night,

Dark as was *Chaos*, 'ere the Infant Sun

Was roll'd together, or had try'd his Beams

Athwart the Gloom profound ! The sickly Taper

By glimmering thro' thy low-brow'd misty Vaults,
(Furr'd round with mouldy Damps, and ropy Slime,)

Lets fall a supernumerary Horror,

And only serves to make thy Night more irksome.

Well do I know thee by thy trusty *Yew*,

Chearless, unsocial Plant ! that loves to dwell

'Midst Skulls and Coffins, Epitaphs and Worms :

Where light-heel'd Ghosts, and visionary Shades,

Beneath the wan cold Moon (as Fame reports)

Embody'd thick, perform their mystick Rounds.

No other Merriment, Dull Tree ! is thine.

See

See yonder Hallow'd Fane! the pious Work
 Of Names once fam'd, now dubious or forgot,
 And buried 'midst the Wreck of things which were:
 There lie interr'd the more illustrious Dead,
 The Wind is up: Hark! how it howls! Methinks
 'Till now, I never heard a sound so dreary:
 Doors creak, and Windows clap, and Night's foul Bird
 Rook'd in the Spire screams loud: The gloomy Isles
 Black-plaster'd, and hung round with Shreds of 'Scent-
 cheons
 And tatter'd Coats of Arms, send back the Sound
 Laden with heavier Airs, from the low Vaults
 The Mansions of the Dead. Roused from their Slum-
 bers
 In grim Array the grizly Spectres rise,
 Grin horrible, and obstinately fullen
 Pass and repass, hush'd as the Foot of Night,
 Again! the Screech-Owl shrieks: Ungracious Sound!
 I'll hear no more, it makes one's Blood run chill.

Quite

Quite round the Pile, a Row of Reverend Elms,
 Coæval near with that, all ragged shew,
 Long lish'd by the rude Winds : Some rift half down
 Their branchless Trunks : Others so thin a Top,
 That scarce two Crows could lodge in the same Tree.
 Strange Things, the Neighbours say, have happen'd
 Wild Shrieks have issued from the hollow Tombs,^{here :}
 Dead Men have come again, and walk'd about,
 And the great Bell has toll'd, unring, untouch'd.
 (Such Tales their Cheer, at Wake or Gossiping,
 When it draws near to Witching Time of Night.)

Of, in the lone Church-yard at Night I've seen
 By Glimpse of Moon-shine, chequering thro' the Trees,
 The School-boy with his Satchel in his Hand,
 Whistling aloud to bear his Courage up,
 And lightly tripping o'er the long flat Stones
 (With Nettles skirted, and with moss o'ergrown,)

That

That tell in homely Phrase who lie below;
 Sudden! he starts, and hears, or thinks he hears
 The Sound of something purring at his Heels;
 Full fast he flies, and dares not look behind him
 'Till out of Breath he overtakes his Fellows,
 Who gather round, and wonder at the Tale
 Of horrid *Apparition*, tall and ghastly,
 That walks at Dead of Night, or takes his Stand
 O'er some new-open'd *Grave*; and, strange to tell,
 Evanishes at Crowing of the Cock.

The new-made *Widow* too, I've sometimes spy'd,
 Sad Sight! slow moving o'er the prostrate Dead:
 Listless, she crawls along in doleful Black,
 Whilst Bursts of Sorrow gush from either Eye,
 Fast-falling down her new untasted Cheek,
 Prone on the lowly Grave of the Dear Man
 She drops; whilst busy-meddling Memory,
 In barbarous Succession, musters up

The

The past Endearments of their softer Hours,
 Tenacious of its Theme, Still, still she thinks
 She sees him, and indulging the fond Thought,
 Clings yet more closely to the senseless Turf,
 Nor heeds the Passenger who looks that Way.

Invidious *Grave*! how do'st thou rend in sunder
 Whom Love has knit, and Sympathy made one;
 A Tie more stubborn far than Nature's Band!
Friendship! Mysterious Cement of the Soul!
 Sweetner of Life! and Solder of Society!
 I owe thee much. Thou hast deserv'd from me,
 Far, far beyond what I can ever pay.
 Oft have I prov'd the Labours of thy Love,
 And the warm Efforts of the gentle Heart
 Anxious to please. Oh! when my Friend and I
 In some thick Wood have wander'd heedless on,
 Hid from the vulgar Eye; and sat us down
 Upon the sloping Cowslip-cover'd Bank,

Where

Where the pure limpid Stream has slid along
 In grateful Errors thro' the Under-wood
 Sweet-murmuring: Methought! the shrill-tongu'd
 Thrush
 Mended his Song of Love; the sooty Black-bird
 Mellow'd his Pipe, and soften'd ev'ry Note:
 The Eglantine smell'd sweeter, and the Rose
 Assum'd a Dye more deep; whilst ev'ry Flow'r
 Vy'd with its Fellow-Plant in Luxury
 Of Dress. Oh! then the longest Summer's Day
 Seem'd too, too much in Haste: Still the full Heart
 Had not imparted half: 'Twas Happiness
 Too exquisite to last. Of Joys departed
 Not to return, how painful the Remembrance!

Dull Grave! thou spoil'st the Dance of Youthful
 Blood,
 Strik'st out the Dimple from the Cheek of Mirth,
 And ev'ry smirking Feature from the Face;
 Branding our *Laughter* with the Name of *Madness*.
 Where are the *Jesters* now? the Men of Health

Complexionally pleasant? Where the *Droll*?
 Whose ev'ry Look and Gesture was a Joke
 To clapping Theatres and shouting Crouds,
 And made even thick-lip'd musing Melancholy
 To gather up her Face into a Smile
 Before she was aware? Ah! Sullen now,
 And Dumb, as the green Turf that covers them!

Where are the mighty Thunderbolts of War?
 The *Roman Cæsars*, and the *Græcian Chiefs*,
 The Boast of Story? Where the hot-brain'd Youth?
 Who the *Tiara* at his Pleasure tore
 From Kings of all the then discover'd Globe;
 And cry'd forsooth, because his Arm was hamper'd,
 And had not Room enough to do it's Work?
 Alas! how slim, dishonourably slim!
 And cramm'd into a Space we blush to name.
 Proud *Royalty*! how alter'd in thy Looks?
 How blank thy Features, and how wan thy Hue?

Son of the Morning! whither art thou gone?
 Where hast thou hid thy many-spangled Head,
 And the majestick Menace of thine Eyes
 Felt from afar? Pliant and powerless now,
 Like new-born Infant wound up in his Swathes,
 Or Victim tumbled flat upon its Back,
 That throbs beneath the Sacrificer's Knife:
 Mute, must thou bear the Strife of little Tongues,
 And coward Insults of the base-born Crowd;
 That grudge a Privilege, thou never hadst,
 But only hop'd for in the peaceful *Grave*,
 Of being unmolested and alone.
Arabia's Gums and odoriferous Drugs,
 And Honours by the *Heralds* duly paid
 In Mode and Form, ev'n to a very Scruple;
 Oh cruel *Irony!* These come too late;
 And only mock, whom they were meant to honour.
 Surely! There's not a Dungeon-Slave, that's bury'd
 In the High-way, unshrouded and uncoffin'd,

But lies as soft, and sleeps as sound as He,
 Sorry Pre-eminence of high Descent
 Above the vulgar-born, to rot in State!

But see! the well-plum'd *Herse* comes nodding on,
 Stately and slow; and properly attended
 By the whole Sable Tribe, that painful watch
 The sick Man's Door, and live upon the Dead,
 By letting out their Persons by the Hour
 To mimick Sorrow, when the Heart's not sad.
 How rich the Trappings, now they're all unfurl'd,
 And glittering in the Sun! Triumphant Entrys
 Of Conquerors, and Coronation Poms,
 In Glory scarce exceed. Great Gluts of People
 Retard th' unweildy Show; whilst from the Casements
 And Houses Tops, Ranks behind Ranks close-wedg'd
 Hang bellying o'er. But! tell us, Why this Waste?
 Why this ado in Earthing up a Carcase
 That's fall'n into Disgrace, and in the Nostril

Smells

Smells horrible? Ye *Undertakers*! tell us,
 'Midst all the gorgeous Figures you exhibit,
 Why is the Principal conceal'd, for which
 You make this mighty Stir? 'Tis wisely done;
 What would offend the Eye in a good Picture
 The Painter casts discreetly into Shades.

Proud *Lineage*! now how little thou appear'st!
 Below the Envy of the Private Man!
Honour! that meddlesome officious Ill,
 Pursues thee ev'n to Death; nor there stops short.
 Strange Persecution! when the *Grave* itself
 Is no Protection from rude Sufferance.

Absurd! to think to over-reach the *Grave*,
 And from the Wreck of Names to rescue ours!
 The best concerted Schemes Men lay for Fame
 Die fast away: Only themselves die faster.
 The far-fam'd *Sculptor*, and the lawrell'd *Bard*,

Those

Those bold Insurancers of deathless Fame,
 Supply their little feeble Aids in vain.
 The tap'ring *Pyramid*! th' *Egyptian's* Pride,
 And Wonder of the World! whose spiky Top
 Has wounded the thick Cloud, and long out-liv'd
 The angry Shaking of the Winter's Storm;
 Yet spent at last by th' Injuries of Heav'n,
 Shatter'd with Age, and furrow'd o'er with Years,
 The mystick Cone, with Hieroglyphicks crufted,
 Gives Way. Oh! lamentable Sight! at once
 The Labour of whole Ages lumbers down;
 A hideous and mishapen Length of Ruins.
 Sepulchral Columns wrestle but in vain
 With all-subduing Time: Her cank'ring Hand
 With calm deliberate Malice wasteth them:
 Worn on the Edge of Days, the Brass consumes,
 The Busto moulders, and the deep-cut Marble,
 Unsteady to the Steel, gives up its Charge.

Ambition!

Ambition! half convicted of her Folly,
Hangs down the Head, and reddens at the Tale.

Here! all the mighty *Troublers of the Earth*,
Who swam to Sov'reign Rule thro' Seas of Blood;
Th' oppressive, sturdy, Man-destroying Villains!
Who ravag'd Kingdoms, and laid Empires Waste;
And, in a cruel Wantonness of Pow'r,
Thinn'd States of half their People, and gave up
To Want the rest: Now like a Storm that's spent,
Lye hush'd, and meanly sneak behind thy Covert.
Vain Thought! to hide them from the gen'ral Scorn,
That haunts and doggs them like an injur'd Ghost
Implacable. Here too the *petty Tyrant*
Of scant Domains *Geographer* ne'er notic'd,
And well for neighbouring Grounds, of Arm as short;
Who fix'd his Iron Talons on the Poor,
And grip'd them like some Lordly Beast of Prey;
Deaf to the forceful Cries of gnawing Hunger,

And

And piteous plaintive Voice of Misery :

(As if a *Slave* was not a Shred of Nature,
Of the same common Nature with his *Lord* :)

Now! tame and humble, like a Child that's whipp'd,
Shakes Hands with Dust, and calls the Worm his
Nor pleads his Rank and Birthright, Under Ground ^{Kinsman}
Precedency's a Jest ; Vassal and Lord
Grossly familiar, Side by Side consume.

When Self-Esteem, or others Adulation,
Would cunningly persuade us we were Something
Above the common Level of our Kind ;
The *Grave* gainsays the smooth-complexion'd Flattery,
And with blunt Truth acquaints us what we are.

Beauty! thou pretty Play-thing! dear Deceit!
That steals so softly o'er the Stripling's Heart,
And gives it a new Pulse, unknown before!
The *Grave* discredits thee : Thy Charms expung'd,
Thy

Thy Roses faded, and thy Lillies foil'd;
 What hast thou more to boast of? Will thy Lovers
 Flock round thee now, to gaze and do thee Homage?
 Methinks! I see thee with thy Head low laid;
 Whilst, surfeited upon thy Damask Cheek,
 The high-fed *Worm*, in lazy Volumes roll'd,
 Riots unscar'd. For this, was all thy Caution?
 For this, thy painful Labours at thy Glafs?
 T' improve those Charms, and keep them in Repair,
 For which the Spoiler thanks thee not. Foul-feeder!
 Coarse Fare and Carrion please thee full as well,
 And leave as keen a Relish on the Sense.
 Look! how the Fair One weeps! the conscious Tears
 Stand thick as Dew-drops on the Bells of Flow'rs:
 Honest Effusion! the swoln Heart in vain
 Works hard to put a Gloss on its Distress.

Strength too! thou surly, and less gentle Boast
 Of those that laugh loud at the Village-ring!

A Fit of common Sickness pulls thee down
 With greater Ease, than e'er thou didst the Stripling
 That rashly dar'd thee to th' unequal Fight.
 What Groan was that I heard? Deep Groan indeed!
 With Anguish heavy-laden! Let me trace it:
 From yonder Bed it comes, where the strong Man,
 By stronger Arm belabour'd, gasps for Breath
 Like a hard-hunted Beast. How his great Heart
 Beats thick! his roomy Chest by far too scant
 To give the Lungs full Play! What now avail
 The strong-built sinewy Limbs, and well-spread Should-
 ders?
 See! how he tugs for Life, and lays about him,
 Mad with his Pain! Eager he catches hold
 Of what comes next to Hand, and grasps it hard,
 Just like a Creature drowning! Hideous Sight!
 Oh! how his Eyes stand out, and stare full ghastly!
 Whilst the Distemper's rank and deadly Venom
 Shoots like a burning Arrow cross his Bowels,
 And drinks his Marrow up. Heard you that Groan?

It

It was his last. See how the great *Goliath*,
 Just like a Child that brawl'd itself to Rest,
 Lies still. What mean'st thou then, O mighty Boaster!
 To vaunt of Nerves not thine? What means the Bull,
 Unconscious of his Strength, to play the Coward,
 And flee before a feeble Thing like Man;
 That knowing well the Slackness of his Arm,
 Trusts only in the well-invented Knife?

With *Study* pale, and Midnight Vigils spent,
 The Star-surveying *Sage*, close to his Eye
 Applies the Sight-invigorating Tube;
 And travelling through the boundless Length of Space
 Marks well the Courses of the far-seen Orbs,
 That roll with regular Confusion there,
 In Extasy of Thought. But Ah! proud Man!
 Great Heights are hazardous to the weak Head:
 Soon, very soon, thy firmest Footing fails;

And down thou dropp'ft into that darksome Place,
Where *nor Device, nor Knowledge* ever came.

Here! the *Tongue-Warrior* lies, disabled now,
Disarm'd, dishonour'd, like a Wretch that's gagg'd,
And cannot tell his Ail to Passers by.

Great Man of Language! whence this mighty Change?
This dumb Despair, and drooping of the Head?

Tho' strong Persuasion hung upon thy Lip,

And sly Insinuation's softer Arts

In Ambush lay about thy flowing Tongue;

Alas! how Chop-fall'n now? Thick Mists and Silence

Rest, like a weary Cloud, upon thy Breast

Unceasing. Ah! Where is the lifted Arm,

The Strength of Action, and the Force of Words,

The well-turn'd Period, and the well-tun'd Voice,

With all the lesser Ornaments of Phrase?

Ah! fled for ever, as they ne'er had been!

Raz'd from the Book of Fame: Or more provoking,

Per-

Perchance some Hackney hunger-bitten Scribler
 Insults thy Memory, and blots thy Tomb
 With long flat Narrative, or duller Rhimes
 With heavy-halting Pace that drawl along ;
 Enough to rouse a Dead Man into Rage,
 And warm with red Resentment the wan Cheek.

Here! the great Masters of the *healing Art*,
 These mighty Mock-Defrauders of the *Tomb*!
 Spite of their *Juleps* and *Catholicons*
 Resign to Fate. Proud *Æsculapius*' Son!
 Where are thy boasted Implements of Art,
 And all thy well-cramm'd Magazines of Health?
 Nor Hill, nor Vale, as far as Ship could go,
 Nor Margin of the Gravel-bottom'd Brook,
 Escap'd thy rifling Hand: From stubborn Shrubs
 Thou wrung'st their shy retiring Virtues out,
 And vex'd them in the Fire: Nor Fly, nor Insect,
 Nor writhy Snake, escap'd thy deep Research.

But

But why this *Apparatus*? Why this Cost?
 Tell us, thou doughty Keeper from the *Grave*!
 Where are thy *Recipe's* and *Cordials* now,
 With the long List of Vouchers for thy Cures?
 Alas! thou speakest not. The bold Impostor
 Looks not more silly when the Cheat's found out.

Here! the lank-sided *Miser*, worst of Felons!
 Who meanly stole, discreditable Shift!
 From Back and Belly too, their proper Cheer;
 Eas'd of a Tax, it irk'd the Wretch to pay
 To his own Carcase, now lies cheaply lodg'd,
 By clam'rous Appetites no longer teaz'd,
 Nor tedious Bills of Charges and Repairs,
 But Ah! Where are his Rents, his Comings in?
 Ay! now you've made the Rich Man Poor indeed;
 Robb'd of his Gods, what has he left behind!
 Oh! Cursed Lust of Gold! when for thy Sake

The

The Fool throws up his Int'rest in both Worlds,
First starv'd in this, then damn'd in that to come.

How shocking must thy Summons be, O *Death!*
To him that is at Ease in his Possessions ;
Who counting on long Years of Pleasure here,
Is quite unfurnish'd for that World to come!
In that dread Moment, how the frantick Soul
Raves round the Walls of her Clay Tenement,
Runs to each Avenue, and shrieks for Help,
But shrieks in vain! How wishfully she looks
On all she's leaving, now no longer hers!
A little longer, yet a little longer,
Oh! might she stay, to wash away her Stains,
And fit her for her Passage! Mournful Sight!
Her very Eyes weep Blood; and every Groan
She heaves is big with Horror: But the Foe,
Like a stanch Murth'rer steady to his Purpose,
Pursues her close through ev'ry Lane of Life,

Nor

Nor misses once the Track, but presses on ;
 Till forc'd at last to the tremendous Verge,
 At once she sinks to everlasting Ruin.

Sure ! 'tis a serious Thing *to Die !* My Soul !
 What a strange Moment must it be, when near
 Thy Journey's End, thou hast the Gulf in View !
 That awful Gulf, no Mortal e'er repass'd
 To tell what's doing on the other Side !
 Nature runs back, and shudders at the Sight,
 And every Life-string bleeds at Thoughts of parting !
 For part they must : *Body* and *Soul* must part ;
 Fond Couple ! link'd more close than wedded Pair.
This wings its Way to its Almighty Source,
 The Witness of its Actions, now its Judge :
That drops into the dark and noisome *Grave*,
 Like a disabled Pitcher of no Use.

If *Death* was nothing, and nought, *after Death*,
 If when Men dy'd, at once they ceas'd to Be,
 Returning to the barren Womb of Nothing
 Whence first they sprung; then might the Debauchee
 Untrembling mouth the Heav'ns: Then might the
 Reel over his full Bowl, and when 'tis drain'd,
 Fill up another to the Brim, and laugh
 At the poor Bug-bear *Death*: Then might the Wretch
 That's weary of the World, and tir'd of Life,
 At once give each Inquietude the Slip
 By stealing out of Being, when he pleas'd,
 And by what Way; whether by Hemp, or Steel:
Death's thousand Doors stand open. Who could force
 The ill-pleas'd Guest to sit out his full Time,
 Or blame him if he goes? Sure! he does well
 That helps himself as timely as he can,
 When able. But if there is an *Hereafter*,
 And that there is, Conscience, uninfluenc'd

And suffer'd to speak out, tells ev'ry Man;
 Then must it be an awful Thing *to die*:
 More horrid yet, to die by one's own Hand.
Self-Murder! name it not: Our Island's Shame!
 That makes her the Reproach of neighbouring States.
 Shall Nature, swerving from her earliest Dictate
 Self-Preservation, fall by her own Act?
 Forbid it Heav'n! Let not upon Disgust
 The shameless Hand be foully crimson'd o'er
 With Blood of its own Lord. Dreadful Attempt!
 Just reeking from Self-slaughter, in a Rage
 To rush into the Presence of our Judge!
 As if we challeng'd him to do his worst,
 And matter'd not his Wrath. Unheard of Tortures
 Must be reserv'd for such; These herd together;
 The Common Damn'd shun their Society,
 And look upon themselves as Fiends less foul.
 Our Time is fix'd, and all our Days are number'd;
 How long, how short, we know not: This we know,
 Duty

Duty requires we calmly wait the Summons,
 Nor dare to stir 'till Heav'n shall give Permission:
 Like Centrys that must keep their destin'd Stand,
 And wait th' appointed Hour, 'till they're reliev'd.
 Those only are the Brave, that keep their Ground,
 And keep it to the last: To run away
 Is but a Coward's Trick: To run away
 From this World's Ills, that at the very worst
 Will soon blow o'er, thinking to mend ourselves,
 By boldly vent'ring on a World unknown,
 And plunging headlong in the dark; 'tis Mad:
 No Frenzy half so desperate as this.

Tell us! ye Dead! Will none of you, in Pity
 To those you left behind, disclose the Secret?
 Oh! that some courteous Ghost would blab it out!
 What 'tis You are, and We must shortly be.
 I've heard, that Souls departed have sometimes
 Forewarn'd Men of their Death: 'Twas kindly done

To knock, and give th' Alarm. But what means
 This stinted Charity? 'tis but lame Kindness
 That does its Work by Halves. Why might you not
 Tell us what 'tis to *Die*? Do the strict Laws
 Of your Society forbid your speaking
 Upon a Point so nice? I'll ask no more;
 Sullen, like Lamps in Sepulchres, your Shine
 Enlightens but yourselves: Well,—'tis no Matter;
 A very little Time will clear up all,
 And make us learn'd as you are, and as close.

Death's Shafts fly thick! Here falls the Village Swain,
 And there his pamper'd Lord! The Cup goes round;
 And who so artful as to put it by?
 'Tis long since *Death* had the Majority;
 Yet strange! *the Living lay it not to Heart*.
 See! yonder Maker of the Dead Man's Bed,
 The *Sexton*! hoary-headed Chronicle,
 Of hard unmeaning Face, down which ne'er stole

A gentle

A gentle Tear; with Mattock in his Hand
 Digs through whole Rows of Kindred and Acquaintance,
 By far his Juniors! Scarce a Skull's cast up,
 But well he knew its Owner, and can tell
 Some Passage of his Life. Thus Hand in Hand
 The Sot has walk'd with Death twice Twenty Years;
 And yet ne'er Yonker on the Green laughs louder,
 Or clubs a smuttier Tale: When Drunkards meet
 None sings a merrier Catch, or lends a Hand
 More willing to his Cup. Poor Wretch! he minds
 That soon some trusty Brother of the Trade^{not,}
 Shall do for him what he has done for Thousands.

On this Side, and on that, Men see their Friends
 Drop off, like Leaves in Autumn; yet launch out
 Into fantastick Schemes, which the long Livers,
 In the World's hale and undegenerate Days,
 Could scarce have Leisure for! Fools that we are!
 Never to think of Death, and of Ourselves

At the same Time! As if to learn *to Die*
 Were no Concern of ours. Oh! more than Sottish!
 For Creatures of a Day, in gamesome Mood
 To frolick on Eternity's dread Brink,
 Unapprehensive; when for ought we know
 The very first swollen Surge shall sweep us in.
 Think we, or think we not, *Time* hurries on
 With a resistless unremitting Stream;
 Yet treads more soft than e'er did Midnight Thief,
 That slides his Hand under the Miser's Pillow,
 And carries off his Prize. What is *this World*?
 What? but a spacious *Burial-Field* unwall'd,
 Strew'd with Death's Spoils, the Spoils of Animals
 Savage and Tame, and full of Dead Mens Bones?
 The very Turf on which we tread, once liv'd;
 And we that live must lend our Carcases
 To cover our own Offspring: In their Turns
 They too must cover theirs. 'Tis *here* all meet!
 The shiv'ring *Icelander*, and Sun-burnt *Moor*;

Men

Men of all Climes, that never met before ;
 And of all Creeds, the *Jew*, the *Turk*, and *Christian*.
Here the proud *Prince*, and *Favourite* yet prouder,
 His Sov'reign's Keeper, and the People's Scourge,
 Are huddled out of Sight. *Here* lie abash'd
 The great *Negotiators* of the Earth,
 And celebrated *Masters* of the *Ballance*,
 Deep read in Stratagems, and Wiles of Courts :
 Now vain their *Treaty-Skill* ! Death scorns to treat,
Here the o'er-loaded *Slave* flings down his Burthen
 From his gall'd Shoulders ; and when the cruel Tyrant
 With all his Guards and Tools of Pow'r about him,
 Is meditating new unheard-of Hardships,
 Mocks his short Arm, and quick as Thought escapes
 Where Tyrants vex not, and the Weary rest.
Here the warm *Lover* leaving the cool Shade,
 The Tell-tale Echo, and the babbling Stream,
 Time out of Mind the fav'rite Seats of Love,
 Fast by his gentle Mistress lay him down

Unblasted by foul Tongue. *Here* Friends and Foe
 Lie close; unmindful of their former Feuds.
 The Lawn-rob'd *Prelate*, and plain *Presbyter*,
 E'er while that stood aloof, as shy to meet,
 Familiar mingle *here*, like Sister-Streams
 That some rude interposing Rock had split.
Here is the large-limb'd *Peasant*: *Here* the *Child*
 Of a Span long, that never saw the Sun,
 Nor press'd the Nipple, strangled in Life's Porch.
Here is the *Mother* with her Sons and Daughters;
 The barren *Wife*; and long demurring *Maid*,
 Whose lonely unappropriated Sweets
 Smil'd like yon Knot of Cowslips on the Cliff,
 Not to be come at by the willing Hand.
Here are the *Prude* severe, and gay *Coquet*,
 The sober *Widow*, and the young green *Virgin*,
 Cropp'd like a Rose, before 'tis fully blown,
 Or half its Worth disclos'd. Strange Medley *here*!
Here garrulous *Old Age* winds up his Tale;

And

And jovial *Youth* of lightsome vacant Heart,
 Whose ev'ry Day was made of Melody,
 Hears not the Voice of Mirth : The shrill-tongu'd
 Meek as the Turtle-Dove, forgets her Chiding. ^{Shrew,}
Here are the Wise, the Generous, and the Brave ;
 The Just, the Good, the Worthless, the Prophane,
 The downright Clown, and perfectly Well-bred ;
 The Fool, the Churl, the Scoundrel, and the Mean,
 The supple Statesman, and the Patriot stern ;
 The Wrecks of Nations, and the Spoils of Time,
 With all the Lumber of Six Thousand Years.

Poor *Man* ! how happy once in thy *first State* !
 When yet but warm from thy great Maker's Hand,
 He stamp'd thee with his Image, and well pleas'd
 Smil'd on his last fair Work. Then all was well.
 Sound was the *Body*, and the *Soul* serene ;
 Like two sweet Instruments ne'er out of Tune,
 That play their several Parts. Nor Head, nor Heart,

E

Offer'd

Offer'd to ache: Nor was there Cause they should;
 For all was pure within: No fell Remorse,
 Nor anxious Castings up of what might be,
 Alarm'd his peaceful Bosom: Summer Seas
 Shew not more smooth, when kiss'd by Southern Winds
 Just ready to expire. Scarce importun'd
 The generous Soil with a luxuriant Hand
 Offer'd the various Produce of the Year,
 And every Thing most perfect in its Kind.
 Blessed! thrice blessed Days! But Ah, how short!
 Bless'd as the pleasing Dreams of Holy Men;
 But fugitive like those, and quickly gone.
 Oh! slipp'ry State of Things! What sudden Turns?
 What strange Vicissitudes, in the first Leaf
 Of Man's sad History? To-day most Happy,
 And 'ere To morrow's Sun has set, most Abject!
 How scant the Space between these vast Extremes!
 Thus far'd it with *our Sire*: Not long he' enjoy'd
 His Paradise! Scarce had the happy Tenant

Of the fair Spot due Time to prove its Sweets,
 Or sum them up; when strait he must be gone
 Ne'er to return again. And must he go?
 Can nought compound for the first dire Offence
 Of erring Man? Like one that is condemn'd
 Fain would he trifle Time with idle Talk,
 And parley with his Fate. But 'tis in vain.
 Not all the lavish Odours of the Place
 Offer'd in Incense can procure his Pardon,
 Or mitigate his Doom. A mighty Angel
 With flaming Sword forbids his longer Stay,
 And drives the Loit'rer forth; nor must he take
 One last and farewell Round. At once he lost
 His Glory and his God. If mortal now,
 And sorely maim'd, No Wonder! *Man has sinn'd.*
 Sick of his Bliss, and bent on new Adventures,
Evil he wou'd needs try: Nor try'd in vain.
 (Dreadful Experiment! Destructive Measure!
 Where the worst Thing could happen, is Success.)

Alas! too well he sped: The *Good* he scorn'd
 Retir'd reluctant, like an ill-us'd Ghost,
 Not to return; or if it did, its Visits
 Like those of *Angels* short, and far between:
 Whilst the black *Dæmon* with his Hell-'scap'd Train,
 Admitted once into its better Room,
 Grew loud and mutinous, nor would be gone;
 Lording it o'er the *Man*, who now too late
 Saw the rash Error, which he could not mend:
 An Error fatal not to him alone,
 But to his future Sons, his Fortune's Heirs.
 Inglorious Bondage! Human Nature groans
 Beneath a Vassalage so vile and cruel,
 And its vast Body bleeds through ev'ry Vein,

What Havock hast thou made? Foul Monster *Sin*!
 Greatest and first of Ills! The fruitful Parent
 Of Woes of all Dimensions! But for *thee*
 Sorrow had never been. All noxious Thing!

Of vilest Nature! Other Sorts of Evils
 Are kindly circumscrib'd and have their Bounds.
 The fierce *Volcano*, from its burning Entrails
 That belches molten Stone and Globes of Fire,
 Involv'd in pitchy Clouds of Smoke and Stench,
 Marrs the adjacent Fields for some Leagues round,
 And there it stops. The big-swoln *Inundation*,
 Of Mischief more diffusive, raving loud,
 Buries whole Tracts of Country, threat'ning more;
 But that too has its Shore it cannot pass.
 More dreadful far than these! *Sin* has laid waste
 Not here and there a Country, but a *World*:
 Dispatching at a wide extended Blow
 Entire Mankind; and for their Sakes defacing
 A whole Creation's Beauty with rude Hands;
 Blasting the foodful Grain, the loaded Branches,
 And marking all along its Way with Ruin.
 Accursed Thing! Oh, where shall Fancy find
 A proper Name to call thee by, expressive

Of all thy Horrors? Pregnant Womb of Ills!
 Of Temper so transcendently malign,
 That Toads and Serpents of most deadly Kind
 Compar'd to thee are harmless. Sicknesſes
 Of ev'ry Size and Symptom, racking Pains,
 And bluest Plagues, are thine! See! how the Fiend
 Profuſely ſcatters the Contagion round!
 Whilſt deep-mouth'd Slaughter bellowing at her Heels
 Wades deep in Blood new-ſpilt; yet for To-morrow
 Shapes out new Work of great uncommon Daring,
 And inly pines 'till the dread Blow is ſtruck.

But hold! I've gone too far; too much diſcover'd
 My Father's Nakedneſs, and Nature's Shame.
 Here let me pauſe! and drop an honeſt Tear,
 One Burſt of filial Duty, and Condolence,
 O'er all thoſe ample Deſerts *Death* hath ſpread,
 This *Chaos* of Mankind. O Great *Man-Eater*!
 Whoſe ev'ry Day is *Carnival*, not ſated yet!

Unheard

Unheard of *Epicure*! without a Fellow!

The veryest *Gluttons* do not always cram;

Some Intervals of Abstinence are sought

To edge the Appetite: *Thou* seekest none.

Methinks! the countless Swarms thou hast devour'd,

And Thousands that each Hour thou gobblest up;

This, less than *this*, might gorge thee to the full!

But Ah! rapacious still, thou gap'st for more:

Like One, whole Days defrauded of his Meals,

On whom lank Hunger lays her skinny Hand,

And whets to keenest Eagerness his Cravings.

(As if Diseases, Massacres, and Poison,

Famine, and War, were not thy Caterers!)

But know! that Thou must *render up thy Dead*,

And with high Int'rest too? They are not thine;

But only in thy Keeping for a Season,

'Till the Great promis'd Day of Restitution;

When loud diffusive Sound from brazen Trump

Of

Of Strong-lung'd Cherub shall alarm thy Captives,
 And rouse the long, long Sleepers into Life,
 Day-Light, and Liberty. —————

Then must thy Gates fly open, and reveal
 The Mines, that lay long forming under Ground,
 In their dark Cells immur'd ; but now full ripe,
 And pure as Silver from the Crucible,
 That twice has stood the Torture of the Fire,
 And Inquisition of the Forge. We know,
 Th' illustrious Deliverer of Mankind,
 THE SON OF GOD, thee foil'd. Him in thy pow'r
 Thou couldst not hold : Self-vigorous he rose,
 And, shaking off thy Fetters, soon retook
 Those Spoils, his voluntary Yielding lent."

(Sure Pledge of our Release from thy Thrall !)
 Twice Twenty Days he sojourn'd here on Earth,
 And shew'd himself alive to *chosen Witnesses*
 By Proofs so strong, that the most flow-asserting
 Had not a Scruple left. This having done,

He

He mounted up to Heav'n, Methinks! I see him
 Climb the Aerial Heights, and glide along
 Athwart the severing Clouds: But the faint Eye
 Flung backwards in the Chace, soon drops its Hold;
 Disabled quite, and jaded with pursuing.
 Heaven's Portals wide expand to let him in;
 Nor are his Friends shut out: As some great Prince
 Not for himself alone procures Admission,
 But for his Train: It was his Royal Will,
 That where He is, there should his Followers be,
Death only lies between! A gloomy Path!
 Made yet more gloomy by our Coward Fears!
 But nor untrod, nor tedious: The Fatigue
 Will soon go off. Besides, there's no By-road
 To Bliss. Then why, like ill-condition'd Children,
 Start we at transient Hardships, in the Way
 That leads to purer Air, and softer Skies,
 And a ne'er Setting Sun? Fools that we are!
 We wish to be, where Sweets unwith'ring bloom;

But strait our Wish revoke, and will not go.
 So have I seen upon a Summer's Even,
 Fast by the Riv'let's Brink, a Youngster play:
 How wishfully he looks! To stem the Tide
 This Moment resolute, next unresolv'd:
 At last! he dips his Foot; but as he dips,
 His Fears redouble, and he runs away
 From th' inoffensive Stream, unmindful now
 Of all the Flow'rs, that paint the further Bank,
 And smil'd so sweet of late. Thrice welcome *Death!*
 That after many a painful bleeding Step
 Conducts us to our Home, and lands us safe
 On the long-wish'd for Shore. Prodigious Change!
 Our Bane turn'd to a Blessing! *Death* disarm'd
 Loses her Fullness quite: All Thanks to him
 Who scourg'd the Venom out. Sure! *the last End*
 Of the Good Man is *Peace*. How calm his *Exit!*
 Night-Dews fall not more gently to the Ground,
 Nor weary worn-out Winds expire so soft.

Behold

Behold him ! in the Evening-Tide of Life,
 A Life well-spent, whose early Care it was
 His riper Years should not upbraid his Green :
 By unperceiv'd Degrees he wears away ;
 Yet like the Sun seems larger at his Setting !
 High in his Faith and Hopes, look ! how he reaches
 After the Prize in View ! and, like a Bird
 That's hamper'd struggles hard to get away !
 Whilst the glad Gates of Sight are wide expanded
 To let new Glories in, the first fair Fruits
 Of the fast-coming Harvest. *Then ! Oh Then !*
 Each Earth-born Joy grows vile, or disappears,
 Shrunk to a Thing of Nought. Oh ! how he longs
 To have his Passport sign'd, and be dismiss'd !
 'Tis done ; and now he's Happy : The glad *Soul*
 Has not a Wish uncrown'd. Ev'n the lag *Flesh*
Rests too in Hope of meeting once again
 Its better Half, never to sunder more.
 Nor shall it hope in vain : The Time draws on

When not a single Spot of Burial-Earth,
 Whether on Land, or in the spacious Sea,
 But must give back its long-committed Dust
 Inviolatè: And faithfully shall these
 Make up the full Account; not the least Atom
 Embezzl'd, or mislaid, of the whole Tale.
 Each *Soul* shall have a *Body* ready furnish'd;
 And each shall have his own. Hence ye Prophanè!
 Ask not, how this can be? Sure the same Pow'r
 That rear'd the Piece at first, and took it down,
 Can re-assemble the loose scatter'd Parts,
 And put them as they were. Almighty God
 Has done much more; nor is his Arm impair'd
 Thro' Length of Days: And what he can, he will:
 His Faithfulness stands bound to see it done.
 When the dread Trumpet sounds, the slumb'ring Dust,
 Not unattentive to the Call, shall wake;
 And ev'ry Joint possess it's proper Place,
 With a new Elegance of Form, unknown

To its first State. Nor shall the conscious *Soul*
 Mistake its Partner ; but amidst the Croud
 Singling its other Half, into its Arms
 Shall rush, with all th' Impatience of a Man
 That's new-come Home ; who, having long been absent,
 With Haste runs over ev'ry different Room,
 In Pain to see the whole. Thrice happy Meeting !
 Nor *Time*, nor *Death*, shall ever part them more.

'Tis but a Night, a long and moonless Night,
 We make the *Grave* our Bed, and then are gone.

Thus at the Shut of Ev'n, the weary Bird
 Leaves the wide Air, and in some lonely Brake
 Cow'rs down, and dozes 'till the Dawn of Day,
 Then claps his well-fledg'd Wings, and bears away.

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